

LIFE

*Western
Number*



John Held Jr

East is West

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
MINNEAPOLIS MINN

MICHELIN

ring-shaped tubes



The Characteristic Difference that makes Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes so economical

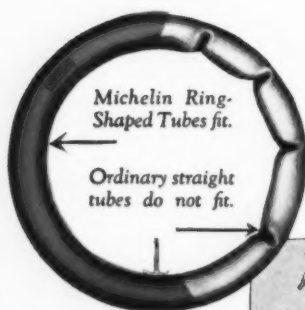


ORDINARY inner tubes (illustrated at the left) are simply pieces of straight tubing that must be forced by inflation to conform as nearly as possible to the ring-shape of the tire. The constant strain that results ages such tubes quickly.

Michelin Tubes, on the other hand, are built ring-shaped, and hence fit the inside of the tire perfectly without stretching or wrinkling. Absence of strain keeps them young.

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Life

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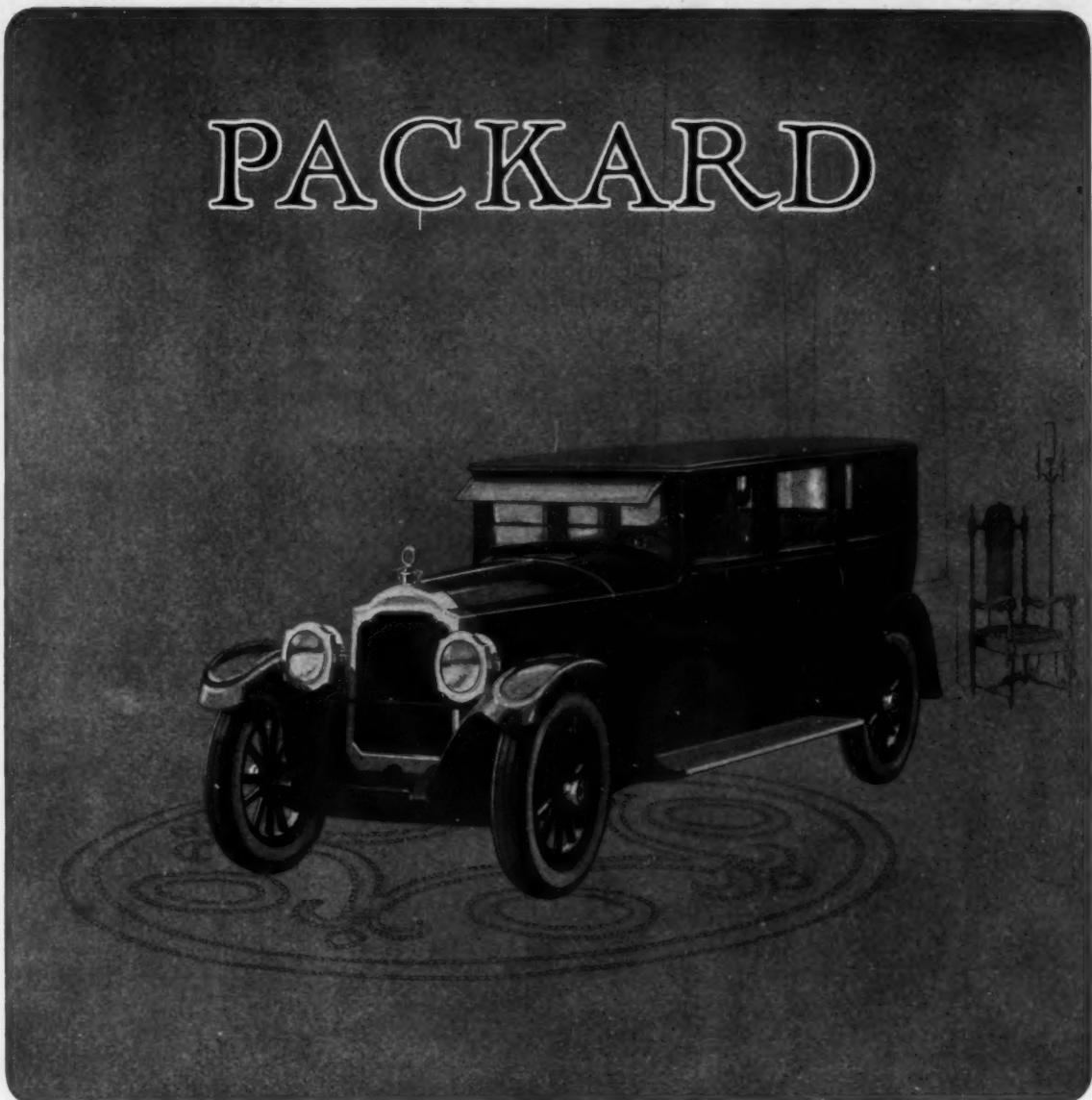
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The thousands who have bought are only the advance guard of those whom the new Packard has captivated.

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To be content with less than the as-

sured satisfaction of the Packard in the light of the wonderful things their friends tell them of Single-Six efficiency and saving, seems illogical.

Never was there a car more truly Packard than the Single-Six—and never was there a more brilliant, buoyant six, always ready to do so much for so little.

*Five-Passenger Touring Car \$2485
at Detroit*



Life

Cowboy Song, New Style

WHILES I was a-ridin' to San Antone
(Roll along, Lizzie, roll along)
Thar went my gas tank drier 'n a bone
(An' I ain't in a hurry nohow).

Nothin' but cactus, nothin' but dirt,
And you cain't start a Ford with spur ner quirt.

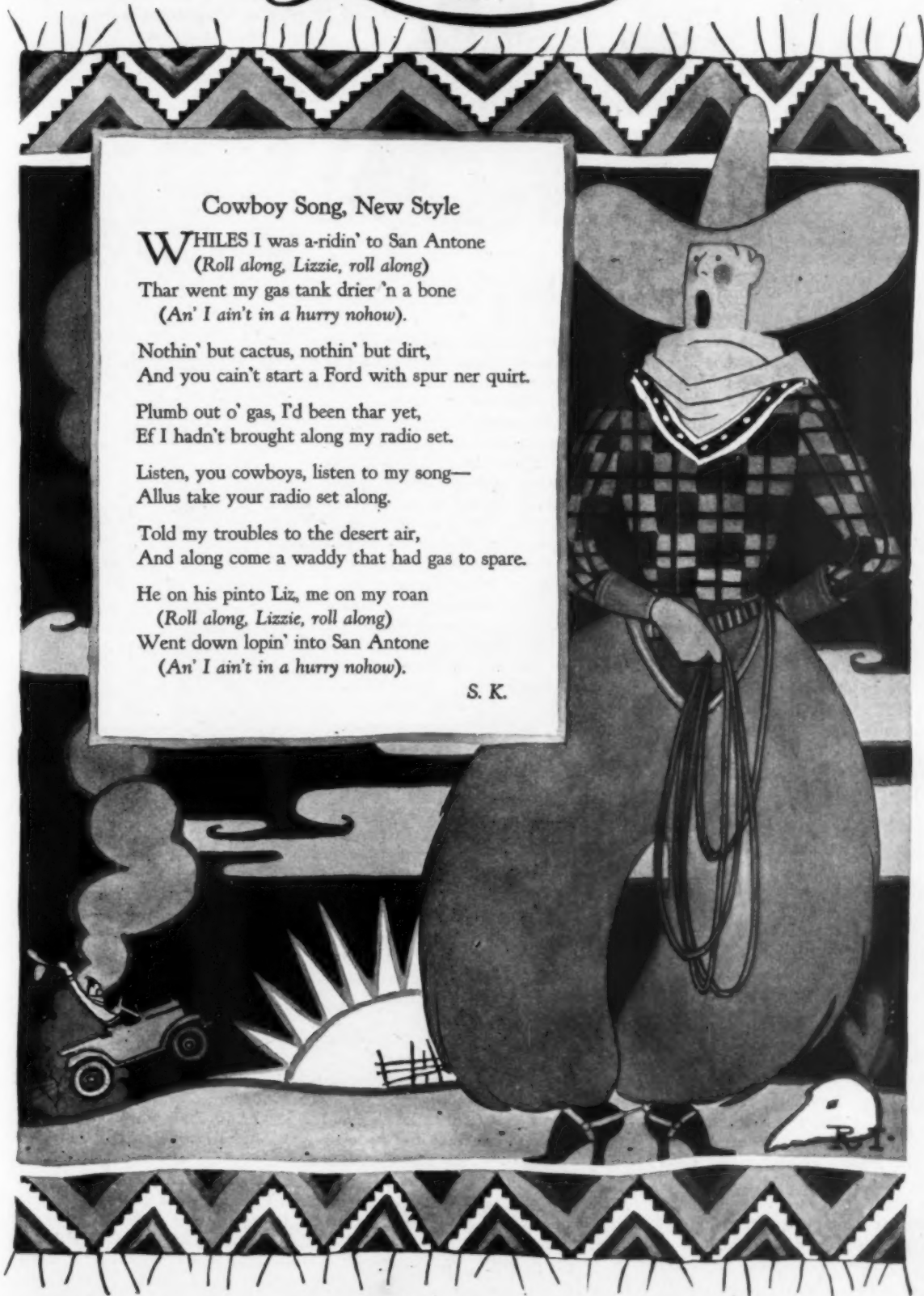
Plumb out o' gas, I'd been thar yet,
Ef I hadn't brought along my radio set.

Listen, you cowboys, listen to my song—
Allus take your radio set along.

Told my troubles to the desert air,
And along come a waddy that had gas to spare.

He on his pinto Liz, me on my roan
(Roll along, Lizzie, roll along)
Went down lopin' into San Antone
(An' I ain't in a hurry nohow).

S. K.





Mrs. Pep's Diary

January 11th Abed till the late afternoon, exhausted from so much recent revelry by night. I am surfeited with it, too, and should like nothing better than to walk softly for the rest of my life, knitting washrags for our relatives in the daytime and seeking an early couch after a few chapters from the works of Dr. Henry Van Dyke. But I greatly fear me that the passing of such a mood awaits only the renewal of my strength. . . Joseph Hergesheimer, the tale-writer, to dinner, and his discourse, astonishingly full of humor and wisdom, cheered me greatly. And when we fell to discussing how a man's attitude towards eleven-dollar sox is an unfailing index to the quality of his spirit, the table grew very merry indeed, and I did ask Mr. Hergesheimer if his own hosiery had cost eleven dollars, and it had, and when I demanded an immediate glimpse of it, my servant Virgie regarded me gravely, as if she were pained by such levity on my part, albeit God knows she should be wonted to it by this time. . . To bed in good season, but when I had lain there an hour without sleeping, I bethought me of the roses and how they might die before morning if I did not cut their stems and put them in the bathtub, and so up about the task, greatly annoyed.

January 12th Lay late, reflecting on this and that, and much amused to recall some of last night's chatter. But Lord! How many of us overshoot Polonius's mark in making our habits as costly as our purses can buy. I, for one, suffer from illusions of

grandeur as to the capacity of my exchequer. I should often be in dire straits indeed were it not for my husband, who is generous and forgiving, poor wretch, even if he will not accompany me to symphony concerts. . . Kate Mitchell to tea with me, all agog over a piece of spicy gossip which she had pledged herself not to divulge, and I doubt if there is any greater cruelty in the human comedy than a woman's failure to break her vow in such a situation. I had liefer be considered a knave for not keeping my word than a fool for starting something I could not conclude. It may be, however, only that Kate's ancestry dates back to the Inquisition. For she was careful to tell me that I was well acquainted with the persons involved in the scandal.

January 13th I fear me that I should consult a psychologist about the near-hysteria which seizes me at the recollection of having knocked over and wrecked our Christmas tree ten minutes after its elaborate and costly completion, for the incident flashed across my mind this day at a serious lecture and I did begin to shake with laughter in no wise warranted by the speaker's remarks, attracting thereby the interested attention of all near me, so that I was forced to quit the hall before the fate of the English novel had been decided. . . Sam and I at home all the evening, he very restless, and declaring that Cato was right about there being nothing new under the sun, with exception of the rye whiskey we have been getting lately.

B. L.

Altered Cases

(A Drama of the Prize Ring)

ACT I

Scene: Corner of the ring at Madison Square Garden.

Time: 8:53 P. M.

Characters: Battling Futiley, a preliminary boxer; Joe Roan, his manager.

Roan: Never min' that eye, kid; that ain't gonna bother us none. That'll be all right with us. We'll go right out an' get that big tramp this roun', we will. He can't hurt us none, anyhow. That nose'll stop bleeding in a minute an' we'll be o. k. We ain't gonna let that guy put nothin' over on us. We'll outgame him, we will. There's th' whistle. Here's where we get him. We'll step right out after him this time, we will. We'll knock him dead; knock him cold, kid, that's what we'll do.

BATTLING FUTILEY: Uh-huh!

ACT II

Scene: Same as Act 1.

Time: 8:56 P. M.

Characters: Same as Act 1.

BATTLING FUTILEY (reviving after several sniffs of smelling salts): Where are we? (Looks around.) Oh, yeh. (Sits up.) Say, Joe, that guy certainly hit us, didn't he? He sure made us look like a bum in there.

Roan: You, you mean. Get that straight, kid—you!

(CURTAIN)

J. K. M.

Ma Belle Ennuyée

COLD and pallid mistress,
Yawning your ennui,
Lying there so listless,
Sipping of your tea:

If you see a white star
Shining in the west,
Shining with a light far
Brighter than the rest—

Think a god shines over
You who scorned at me;
Make him your star-lover,
Condescendingly.

Cold and pallid mistress,
Yawning your ennui,
A star's kiss is listless—
Like a sip of tea.

P. G.

Fables for Farmers

WHILE on his way from Rubeville to Jazztown a certain husbandman fell among financiers.

Being thoroughly trained in the higher efficiency school they promptly and systematically deprived him of his belongings.

His garments were taken by the high-tariff agents, as protection to home industry. His shoes were seized by the railway managers, on the plea that they threatened unfair competition with the transportation monopoly. His purse and watch went to the bankers for interest on his mortgage.

The good Samaritan came by as the spoils were being divided. "Have pity," he entreated. "Don't you see that if you leave the poor man naked and helpless he cannot produce anything that you can take from him the next time he comes this way? I urge that the council of wise men, which is the Congress, make a law for Farm Credits, so that he can borrow from you some of that which you have taken away."

Recognizing the necessity for furnishing an incentive to industry and opportunities for the investment of capital, the kindhearted financiers consented to allow the husbandman to go back to his farm, provided he agreed to pay for the privilege of utilizing the credits that his labor had created.

W. G.

All I Know Is What I Read in the Papers

WELL, Xmas has passed, you can tell by the Neckties. They are getting back to normalcy.

* * *

Prohibition Agents threatened to make the old Town dry on Xmas and they did, it was a beautiful day and didn't rain a drop.

* * *

Department stores and Bootleggers never had a bigger Xmas, they both had to put on extra clerks and keep open at nights.

* * *

The Silver Pocket Flask has supplanted the Xmas Card as our National gift, nothing is more welcome when full, or more bunglesome when empty.

* * *

The New Year opened with many happy returns of the Peace Conferences.

* * *

The Husbands being murdered by Wives' Industry kinder dropped off during the Holidays, suppose few Husbands come home.

* * *

Wives have figured that it's easier and cheaper to shoot 'em than to Divorce 'em, besides there is no comparison in the publicity.

Will Rogers.



"Did you enjoy the lecture?"
"No—it was so easy to understand that it kept me awake."

Winning the Westerners

How I Put It Across at Pendleton

By Walter E. Traprock.



WITHIN the recent past, returning from a somewhat trying trip to the North Pole, I received an invitation to revisit our great West. I accepted at once.

What a change since 1890 when, a mere lad, I used to stand at the bar of the Broken Knuckle saloon in Cheyenne and toss off the prairie schooners with all comers. Now, in place of plains teeming with buffalo are cities teeming with Elks. Across the vast grain country through which I once fought my way, traveling directly against the grain, stretches a cobweb of railroads. But in a remote corner, at Pendleton, Oregon, I found preserved a chapter of the old frontier life. Here I was guest of honor at the cowboy carnival or Round-up.

"Walter," said my host, Hank Collins, "would you aim to enter an event?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Meaning which?" he asked.

"All."

Collins is the only man living who speaks pure *bret-harte*.

Immediately things began to happen. The first event was Bronk riding, which I had mastered years ago in the heart of the Bronx itself. A cowboy must be able to break his own mount unless his mount breaks him first. My horse, T-N-T, a custard roan, was led up heavily manacled and blind-folded, which I regretted as I was unable to use the power of my eye on him. He was then gently saddled by the assistant or "wrangler," a term coming from the old "Senior wranglers" of Oxford.

Bronk riding must be done with one rein and without touching the saddle with the hands. The feet also must be kept moving

in a kicking motion. I more than fulfilled the specifications. As the moorings were cast off T-N-T and I arose in full flight. Disdaining the single rein, I rode with none. Not only did my hands not touch the saddle,—nothing did. With my feet kicking I remained in the air for 50 seconds, the competition period, descending to meet T-N-T coming up. I then dismounted. The arena was in an uproar.

Contest number two was Roping. I am adept in the art of throwing a steer or bull, but Fate made my performance more spectacular than I had anticipated. I roped my steer, a gigantic fellow, in record time. As I circled him preparatory to the throw he threw his two thousand pounds against the rope, when to my surprise my girths parted and I described a parabola in the air with the saddle still between my knees. Hauling in the slack as I flew I "played" the steer as one would a tarpon and, negotiating the distance between us, I succeeded in landing squarely on the beast's ridge-pole. It was now my task to throw the steer while actually riding him. Quickly dropping my rope about the flying hoofs I hauled up the noose and he fell

with a crash, and on the instant I had him tied with the regulation three half-stitches, to which I added a true-lovers'-knot for good measure. Time, 4-½ seconds, a record. The crowd went wild.

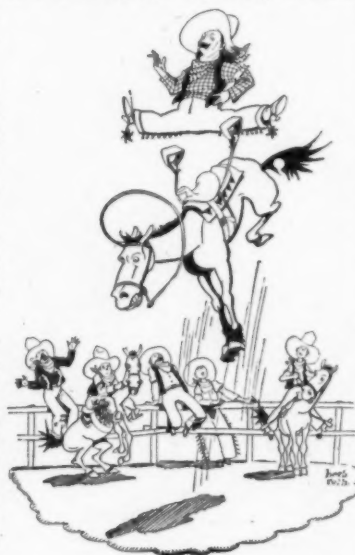
Steer wrestling, or "Bull dogging," the next number, is a pastime of which I am so fond that I felt actually sorry for the dumb brute which I

knew I should face.

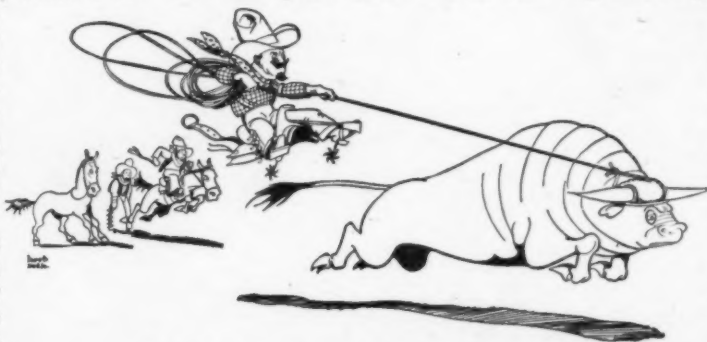
As we shot from the chute into the arena I measured the distance between my horse and the steer. A second later we crossed the "dead line" beyond which the steer was officially mine. Instantly I leapt, seizing his horns and throwing my feet in front of me in spread-eagle formation. And then a curious thing happened. I had neglected to remove my spurs and instead of sliding along the arena with a gradual,

braking effect my heels dug in and the steer's body whirled over my head in a sharp semicircle, during which I twisted his neck and landed him for a perfect fall in seven seconds. Pandemonium reigned. Ray Bell and Pinky Gist, two ex-champions, left the arena in disgust.

The last event, Fancy Rope-throwing, made a pleasant close to a restful day. I defeated Soapy McGee in the finals by writing my name "Traprock" with the flying loops of my lariat. This was rather a mean trick as I later learned what I had suspected, namely, that Soapy could not write. But it all goes to show the practical value of a college education.



"I arose in full flight."



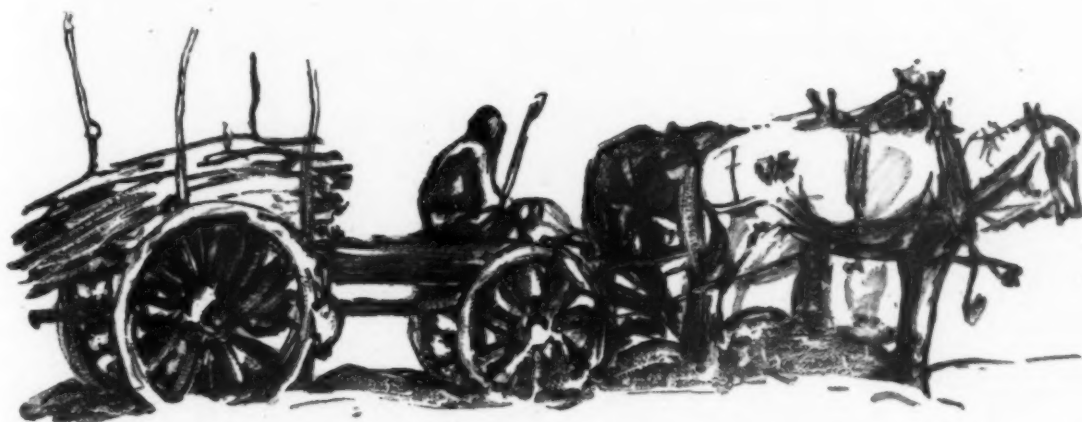
"I 'played' the steer as one would a tarpon."



An Apache Flivver



Arizona Canary



Ross Sauter
Aug 1900

Wood



Burro Skinner



Parlor, Bedroom and Bath

Injuns and Spicks

My Husband Says



HAT he really can't advise me as to taking the leadership of a relay of girls who belong to the "Girls' Someday Club."

They carry a little kit and a basket of canned things, and go off on long hikes and picnic in lovely woodsy places.

The lady who has charge of all the relays says it is awfully hard to get grown-up leaders and she thinks that with my personality the girls would just love me; and you don't have to know much to be a leader.

The girls will tell you how.

She said that a rich girl belonged to the club, and her mother had to coax her to eat the very daintiest things at home; and after she had taken a ten-mile hike she ate sausages just as the other girls did.

And her leader felt that it was awfully worth-while work for anyone.

The girls give lovely concerts to raise money to pay for having the concert tickets printed.

And they are banded together to do good, and they ask everybody to please help them in their work.

My husband says that years ago when he was a boy women used to marry men before they began to ask them for money.

L. B. S.

Improving on the Catalogues

PROFESSOR BLOTTER, of Columbia University, and I have been working now for quite some time to try to find out some other way of measuring ocean liners than standing them on end beside the Woolworth (or similar) Towers.

"In all the illustrated catalogues about ocean liners I have ever seen," said Professor Blotter, "there is always the photograph of the Morisania balancing on the point of her nose and topping the highest building by many feet, to prove how far you can walk to Europe." Now, the Professor's point, and mine, is that this is a needless expense. It's hard on the nose of the ship, and requires a reënforced bow. Traffic difficulties are inevitable with a liner standing on Broadway; and besides, Professor Blotter says (and I agree) you would have to build another Tower higher than the Woolworth Tower in order to haul your ship on end, and then what would be the use of measuring the Woolworth Tower, if there were a higher one right near it? The final result would be (concludes Professor Blotter) that you would keep on building higher and higher Towers until some day somebody got hurt.

"Corey," said Professor Blotter, "I have an idea here that I trust will do away with all these difficulties. Briefly, it's to sail all ocean liners in the future on end,



Another Case of the Innocent Bystander



Navajo Squaw: Say! We're very near out of Navajo blankets.
Chief: That's all right. I've wired the factory in New Jersey for a gross.

so that the furniture will not have to go sliding all into the bow when the ship is being measured. I have a full set of plans for this standing navy, including the spiral staircase up to the stern, and a pair of wheels to fit onto the nose of the boat when it lands, so that it can be rolled up Broadway more easily."

"Gee, that's bully, Professor," I said with pardonable undergraduate enthusiasm, "but how are you going to prevent it from tipping over in mid-ocean?"

"I'd keep it balanced with a weight in the bottom, so that no matter how you pushed it over, it would always right itself again like those little dolls. Several tons of lead in the bottom would do it."

"But wouldn't it sink?"

The Professor admitted peevishly that it might. "And what's your plan?" he asked with unnecessary sharpness.

"My plan, sir," I said, sketching it out eagerly on the wallpaper as I went, "approaches the problem from another angle. Leaving the ship as it is, sir, in its natural position, I'd cart all my material in wheelbarrows down to the White Star piers, and build my Tower brick by brick right along the ground. Then I'd lay my camera on end, and get exactly the same effect without even moving my ship."

"Wonderful!" admitted Professor Blotter with a deep sigh. "But what would you do with the Tower after you'd taken the picture?"

"I'd merely raise it on end and wheel it into position wherever I wanted it, on Broadway."

Professor Blotter was very enthusiastic about my idea and said that it ought to sell like hot cakes all over the Atlantic seaboard, and eventually revolutionize ocean advertising.

C. H. F.

The Old Settler Reports Modern Improvements

WHEN I came West in Nineteen-Two
(A parlous time ago!)
The cowboys were a dingy crew,
Their taste in dress was low.
But now, my dear, you'd simply love them!
They've learned what is expected of them.

When I came West in Nineteen-Two
(An age remote and dim)
The only Indian I knew
Was known as Dirty Jim.
Now he is Chief Ten-Dogs-Who-Bark,
And runs a "tribe" in Glacier Park.

When I came West in Nineteen-Two
No neighbor far or near
Had ever seen a buckaroo
Caress a longhorn steer;
But now the neighbors, one and all,
Attend our Round-up every fall.

The West has changed since Nineteen-Two,
It's wilder now by far;
And let us give the films their due—
They've made us what we are.
Observe how Nature copies Art—
The West has learned to dress the part.

S. K.



Things LIFE Would Rather Like to Know

WHY Lloyd George thinks it advisable to be all things to all publishers.

Whether Tumulty considers himself well enough to run another administration.

Who wrote the music for the Song of Solomon.

How to find a dressmaker who says she will deliver the dress next Wednesday who will deliver the dress next Wednesday.

Whether Will Hays wrote "Fatty" Arbuckle's plea to the public.

Why the National Bird should not be changed from the Eagle to the Lame Duck.

What the Governor of North Carolina *really* said to the Governor of South Carolina at the recent Governors' Conference.

Who is going to call the strikes in the Baseball Players' Union.

If it is true that too many Klux spoil a Klan.

If Senator William E. Borah is the small voice crying in the bewilderment.

Whether the waiter who dropped the bottle in the restaurant of the Senate, as reported in the papers, was discharged for spilling the whiskey or the beans.

Why the farmers should expect to get a quarter as much for a day's work as plumbers, bricklayers and carpenters.

Whether it would not have been very much better for President Harding to have consulted a few second-best minds.

What Yale team is now being instructed in the art of losing gracefully.

Which city has more to be thankful for: New York because it is not governed by Mayor Thompson, or Chicago because it escaped Mayor Hylan.

If D'Annunzio donned the Franciscan habit because he wished to change the locale of that dull, brown feeling.

Why Christmas cigars last so long.

Whether Princess Anastasia or Prince Christopher signs the dining-room checks.

The Greatest Mystery

I'M a regular Holmes at unraveling things;
I can tell when a novel will sell well,
I have doped out why Germany doesn't like kings
And I've guessed who shot Joseph B. Elwell.

There is hardly a thing that I cannot explain
From astronomy down to, say, yachting.
I know why the recent election campaign
Gave the old G. O. P. such a swatting.

I can show where Clemenceau is totally wrong,
And where Freud is not clever or subtle;
If you think Einstein's theory not worth a song;
I can prove that it is, in rebuttal.

The mind of a flapper is simple to me,
Though to you it's infirm and unstable;
I'm one of the few who immediately see
Through the maze of a railroad time-table.

I can fathom the ways of a maid with a man,
Or a dinosaur's nocturnal habits;
If you ask me the question I instantly can
Quote Tasmania's export of rabbits.

Though I've read Conan Doyle and a lot more beside,
There is one thing to me still a riddle:
Just what is it makes a musician decide
To play on a double bass fiddle?

P. W.

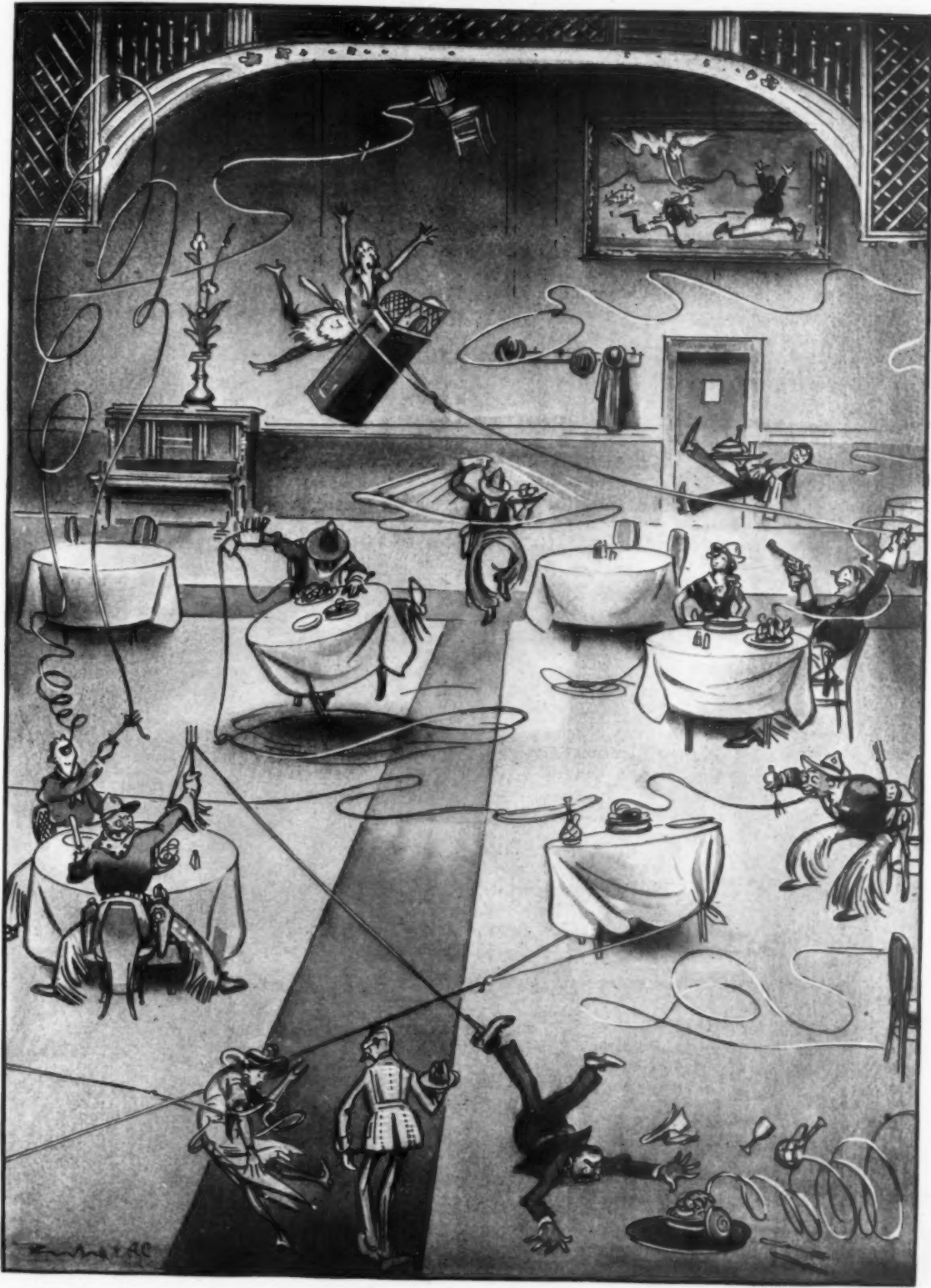
Modernizing Hamlet

In the Players' scene in "Hamlet" the following lines occur:

PLAYER QUEEN: In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed the first.

HAMLET (*aside*): Wormwood, wormwood.

It is reported that, at one performance recently, Mr. John Barrymore changed *Hamlet's* comment to, "Hollywood, Hollywood."



Effect of a Spaghetti Dinner on Members of a Wild West Show

An Interview

"Keep Your Mouth Open and See the World"

AS Mr. Rotary-Club Jones strode down the gangplank, I button-holed him.

"Well," I demanded, "how did you find Europe?"

"Fine! Wonderful lot of nations! And," said Mr. Jones impressively, "I saw 'em all. Saw every man jack of 'em, an' don't regret a cent. Nothin' like travel for broadening a man. You can quote me on that. Great lessons; marvelous opportunities! Take Germany. My boy, in Germany I learned how to make *real beer*! Yes sir, from A to buzzard. Went right down in the vats with 'em—"

"And the German economic crisis," I broke in eagerly. "What about—"

"Economic poppycock! A cent a glass, young man. Li'l ole real beer a cent a glass! Think of it! 'Course if you're dumb enough t' figure it out in marks—"

"But—"

"But, nothin'! Germany's there!

No, sir, you don't wanta underestimate 'em. Mustn't judge 'em by the stuff they ship over here. Half of it comes from Jersey breweries anyway. Travel and know 'em right!

"An' Italy," he continued, "I know what you think about 'em. Thought it myself, before I went over personally and got to know 'em. Thought they lived on bay-rum an' Herpicide. Don't you fool yourself. Why, young fellow, they've got wine in that country. Real li'l ole wine in Italy! Who'da thought it? An' a good, rip-roarin' drunk don't cost a leary over two bucks. You oughta—"

"Now, now, young man, don't interrupt! Keep still an' learn somethin'. Learn about France. Talented little people, th' French. Over here we've got all we can do to make good liquor with our hands—an' th' French make it with their feet! Yes, sir! 'Course they charge

for it. Not like the Austrians, that give it to you for little pieces of paper that ain't worth nothin'.

"Problems? Young fellow, don't you underestimate Europe. Europe ain't got problems—they've got beer! Naturally they're trying t' keep out th' Turk! Know better'n t' take a chance lettin' in a lotta water-gulpers like that. An' they're dead right. Look what a handful of 'em done to us! No, sir, anybody that underestimates Europe—"

"America will be an awful let-down," I suggested. "Didn't you hate to come back?"

"What! These United States a let-down? Me hate to come back? My boy, I've been simply achin' t' get home! Home! There's no place like it; an' you can quote me on that!

"Why, young fellow, I've got a li'l ole pre-war stock that'd make Europe look sick!"

G. R.



Voices in the Fog.

"Coming, Sam?"
"When I can see my way."



"I'd like a few engagement rings—just enough to see me through down at Palm Beach, don't you know."

The True Story of Mankind

PREFACE

FAR away in a distant land there is a great castle called Bellevue. A man dwells in the castle who spends his time drilling a squad of goldfish, and teaching petulant dinosaurs to decorate Christmas trees. When he has succeeded in his task, then a Frenchman will have had time to drink one bock.

THE SETTING OF THE STAGE

We live under the shadow of a gigantic dollar sign.

How much are we worth?

How long is a price level?

What effect does Santa Claus have on big business?

Slowly, but with infinite sagacity, we have been pushing this dollar sign farther towards the twelve-figure mark.

We have not gone very far.

We are now worth about \$.98.

* * *

One day the first living cell floated upon the waters of the sea. For millions of years it drifted about within three miles of shore. One

day it met a ground swell who had naughty habits. The poor little cell was easily led astray and it took up its abode in the wet, wet ocean, where it founded a family.

* * *

One evening many billions of years later old grandfather Padded Cell was unusually harsh. Two of the youngest Cells, Verma and Imba, were spanked for reading the Elsie books, so they decided to run away from home. They left the cellery and became amphibious, which means that they could go without liquor although they'd just as soon have some. After many wanderings they settled in the land of the dry cell. In other words they became mammals.

These mammals finally developed into MAN. Soon man started going about in groups and learned to balance himself on his hind legs. Great was the joy of Verma Cell and Imba Cell when they saw this, you may be sure, although they themselves were more anxious to learn how to sit down as they were very

tired after founding the human race.

You may hardly believe it, but everything you see about you sprang from these two little runaway cells. Many people think they should never have left old grandfather Padded Cell to drink himself to death. These people are not *progressive*.

F. W. B.

For a Bright Child

SOME children hate to take a bath
And thus incur their parents' wrath.
If you a tiresome job have found it,
I'll tell you how to get around it.

First wet the soap; then put it back
Into its little hanging rack.

Next with your hand just splash
about,

Whistle and sing, and even shout.

Then wet the towel pretty well

And not a soul can ever tell

But what you've wallowed in the
tub

And had a grand and thorough
scrub.

G. K.'D.



JANUARY 18, 1923

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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HOOVER says in effect that the world has turned the corner and is now getting well. This acceptable news he accompanies by particulars.

This last year, he says, Bolshevism has greatly diminished, active war has ceased for the first time since 1914, famine and distress are less this winter than at any time since the war began, production has increased greatly, international commerce is increasing, and the world is now pretty generally buying its commodities by the normal exchange of service and goods. This last achievement in itself, Hoover says, "marks an enormous step in the recovery from the strained movement of credit and gold which followed the war."

These are encouraging items of improvement, and it is proper to remember not only that they come from Hoover, whose word still goes, but that Hoover as Secretary of Commerce has means of finding out the truth about things whereof he speaks.

Extraordinary stories come from Italy of the revival there of the new spirit of work and order under the inspiration of the Mussolini government. Hope seems to have sprung to life in the emotional Italian heart, and with it has come the resolve to pull Italy out of her difficulties by hard work and self-sacrifice. Artisans by the thousands beg for leave to work over hours, and that their extra wages be paid to the government. Other thousands offer their jewels and precious metals to augment the public funds. Where there were strikes and jealousies among workers everywhere, there is now good feeling and hard work. Labor and capital are in harmony, the

teachings of the Reds are rejected and there is even a marked return to religion.

That is all to the good and very notable and encouraging. The great fundamental cure for Europe is self-help, which Italy at last seems to have grabbed at. The proper doctor for that continent at this time is Dr. Coué. The various insanities that have afflicted it during the last three years are fading out. We are assured that Russia has emerged from the revolutionary period and is now at work on reconstruction. The thought of Russia as sane is still hard to accept, but it is not so incredible as it was. The suggestion to give Constantinople to the Russians as the power that must eventually have it may presently be not so objectionable as it sounds now.



WHAT remains then to be done to clear the path for the reorganization that has begun? The authorities are agreed that in the first place it must be settled what reparations Germany can pay and the settlement must be accepted by France and England. To fix the figures of the reparations belongs to economics, and that can be done at any time without very much trouble. To get the figures accepted belongs to politics, and that is difficult. But the facts of contemporary life are pushing it towards a settlement every day. The whole world is concerned about it and that concern and the pressure resulting from it are bound to have an effect even on French politicians.

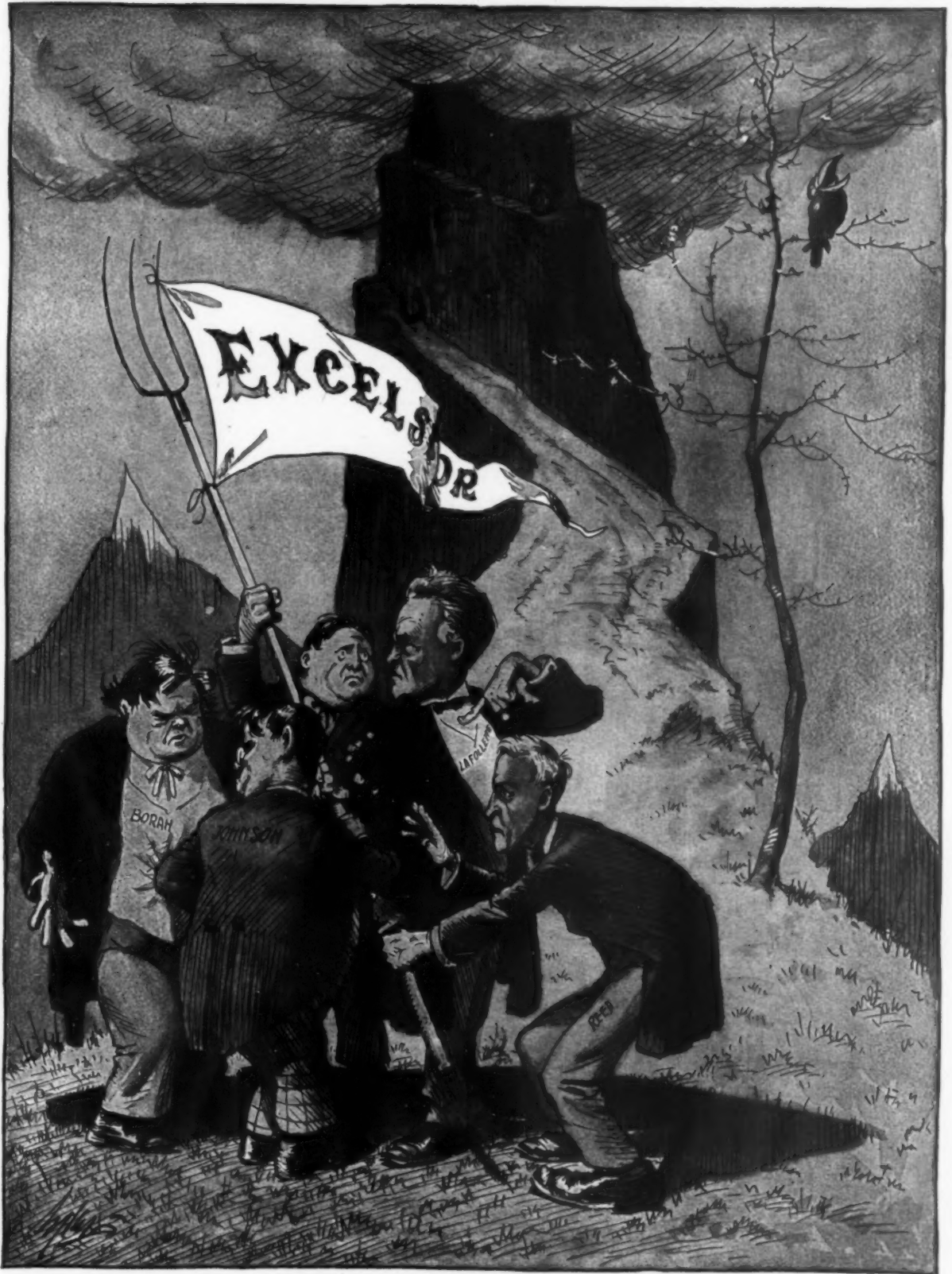
It counts for much that after two years of side-stepping the Harding administration has been roused to the fact that the United States is

concerned about Europe and has both a moral obligation to help her out of her troubles and a big economic interest in doing so. Mr. Borah has been very useful in assisting the administration to take notice of these truths. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding are very desirous that the discussion of what Germany can pay to France shall be kept entirely separate from any discussion of the obligations of the Allied Nations to the United States. An act of Congress prescribes that it shall be the duty of our government to collect from Europe the sums owed us with four and a quarter per cent. interest, and that the government can have twenty-five years to do it. That law Mr. Harding says ties his hands.

That law is nonsense. Two highly qualified gentlemen have come from England to discuss what shall be done about the money that Great Britain owes us. Our officials must be free to discuss that subject and if an acceptable conclusion is reached, the existing settlement by act of Congress will doubtless be repealed.

Next in importance to the question what Germany can pay France is the question what the Allied Nations can pay us. That ought to be settled too. An impossible obligation ought not to be left hanging over any European country that wants to be released from it. One of the ordinary and inevitable incidents of the reorganization of a busted concern is to scale down the debts, adjust the interest rate and determine when payments can begin again on the renovated securities. We are used to all that process in this country. It can be put through for the relief of Europe whenever politics permits, and it is very much to our advantage as creditors that politics should be reasonably prompt in permitting it.

E. S. M.



All: Don't bother, boys, I'll do it.



On the Road to
Uncle Sam: You can't make th



Road to World Peace
n't make the grade with that old car.



Still Catching Up

MR. AMES picked a timely season to bring Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare" into New York. With this on the boards at the National, Marcus Loew's Bijou Dream at One Hundred and Ninetieth St. is left as the only theatre in town at which something by or about the Immortal Bard (Shakespeare) is not being played.

"Will Shakespeare" is an almost continuously interesting play in which *Will* is shown to be something of a dub. We can better understand his writing the comedy scene for *Launcelot Gobbo* after seeing Otto Kruger's (and Miss Dane's) character sketch of him. He is just the kind of person who *would* think *Gobbo* funny. It isn't Mr. Kruger's fault. It is Miss Dane's idea of what Shakespeare was like, and I, for one, hope she's right. It is rather comforting for the rest of us to think that the man who wrote "Hamlet" could be just a plain, ordinary cuckoo on occasion.

The real stamina of the play is derived from the three women characters, splendidly played by Winifred Lenihan, Katharine Cornell and Haidee Wright as *Anne Hathaway*, *Mary Fitton*, and *Queen Elizabeth* respectively. With their influence removed, *Will* would apparently have been just a slightly bald man who palled around with Kit Marlowe and that bunch.

And speaking of "that bunch," Deems Taylor has written some very catchy songs for them to sing in the tavern and around Stratford, but, in common with all Elizabethan "hey-nonny" singers on the stage, they give the impression of having had glee-club rehearsals every Tuesday and Thursday night since August to prepare for this one burst of spontaneous song. Perhaps the roisterers of the sixteenth century were able to bound in and out of a bar-room with the first and second tenors and first and second basses all hitting the opening note of a song simultaneously, but it sounds suspiciously like something for which the corresponding secretary has sent out post-cards urging every member to be present.

Rather than end with this slight unpleasantness, we repeat that "Will Shakespeare" is excellent fare.



WHILE we are on the subject of interpolated songs, let us consider the lyric which Booth Tarkington has written for one of the two songs in his comedy, "Rose Briar." We educated boys talk a lot about the low state of lyric-writing in the land, but whenever someone with a college education starts writing them, we become more reconciled to the "moon-time, spoon-time" school. Here is what Princeton did for Mr. Tarkington's sense of scansion:

*"Who gave you the rose in your coat-lapel?
Was it someone who liked you very well?"*

Charlie Case, even with his replete line, "*And he took off his false whiskers and it was Jack!*" never did anything better than that.

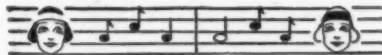
"Rose Briar" is all right as a comedy, but certainly not anything more than all right. Billie Burke chitters sweetly through it and Julia Hoyt deals a stately death-blow to baby-talk as an institution, but Frank Conroy contributes the chief excuse for the comedy's being hailed as something unusual.

A few years ago a young dramatic critic lost her job for saying, among other disrespectful things, that Billie Burke had a tendency to fling herself coyly about like Eva Tanguay. Even in the face of this proof of divine vengeance, we apprehensively endorse the unfortunate young reviewer's judgment and assert that even after having had her attention called to it three years ago, Miss Burke *still* flings herself coyly about like Eva Tanguay.

Applications for the job of dramatic reviewer on LIFE should be sent to the Managing Editor.



THE Equity Players have at last found a play that will stand comparison with any on Broadway and have cast it with excellent judgment. Jesse Lynch Williams' "Why Not?" seems to us to be by far the best comedy in town. It starts out a little too cleverly perhaps and it may take you a few minutes to accustom yourself to the idea that probability is the last thing which is being aimed at. But its epigrams have the virtue of being true-talk, and its improbability only adds to the force of its argument—which is that marriage and divorce as now regulated by our laws constitute the two biggest jokes of modern civilization. Mr. Williams seems to be the only American dramatic satirist who can look Bernard Shaw in the eye with only a slight flinch.



CONSIDERATION of two excellent musical shows ends our little talk for the week. "Glory" is one of those rural operas which are so popular now, and is easily the best of them. The music has a peculiar lilt of its own, just as practically the same music had when it was in "Irene." The "Irene" score was by the same authors, so they had a right to lift it if they wanted to.

"The Clinging Vine" has a great deal to recommend it. Peggy Wood's voice and presence, a decent book and score, and the fact that it is the kind of show in which the word *lingerie* is pronounced correctly. Some day may we hope for *ingenue*? R. C. B.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Fool, Times Square.—Modern problems as Christ might meet them. Theatrical and therefore drawing better houses than the churches.

Hamlet, Sam H. Harris.—John Barrymore in a performance which ought to satisfy all but the "I-Saw-Booth" Club.

It Is the Law, Ritz.—Reverse action melodrama.

Johannes Kreisler, Apollo.—A remarkable scenic stunt involving forty-one changes, Ben-Ami and a three-barrelled love-story.

The Last Warning, Klau.—Murder mystery which gets right down into the seat with you.

Listening In, Bijou.—Showing some of the more practical uses to which ghosts may be put.

The Love Child, George M. Cohan's.—French home life in which nobody seems to be married but where they all fight just the same.

Loyalties, Gaiety.—A sturdy, honest play, of absorbing interest.

The Masked Woman, Eltinge.—Decent lady trapped in rooms of debauché. "Let me out of here at once, I tell you!" Helen MacKellar and Lowell Sherman in the familiar rôles.

The Merchant of Venice, Lyceum.—David Warfield fulfilling the ambition of his stage career.

The Moscow Art Theatre, Fifty-Ninth St.—To be reviewed later.

Rain, Maxine Elliott's.—A thrillingly bitter arraignment of evangelism, the male sex and tropical weather, with Jeanne Eagels superb as the prostitute for the prosecution.

Romeo and Juliet, Longacre.—Ethel Barrymore, the dean of the season's *Juliets* in point of service.

Romeo and Juliet, Selwyn.—Jane Cowl as runner-up.

R. U. R., Frazee.—Gripping fantasy, showing what mankind is coming to if we don't watch out.

Six Characters in Search of an Author, Princess.—An odd mixture of Plato and George M. Cohan which is decidedly worth trying.

The Tidings Brought to Mary, Garrick.—Rather dull medievalism beautifully mounted.

Will Shakespeare, National.—Reviewed in this issue.

The World We Live In, Forty-Fourth St.—A large and spectacular cast of insects showing us humans just how futile we look.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose, Republic.—The Management sent us some pencils for Christmas; so maybe it isn't so bad after all.

The Awful Truth, Henry Miller.—A delightful comedy of divorce, with Ina Claire and Bruce McRae heading the cast.

The Egotist, Thirty-Ninth St.—Leo Ditrichstein in Ben Hecht's variant of the Great Lover theme.

Fashions for Men, Belmont.—Distinctive writing, by the author of "Liliom," with O. P. Heggie as the meek man.

Give and Take, Forty-Ninth St.—To be reviewed later.

Kiki, Belasco.—Lenore Ulric as the vivacious *cocotte* now in her second year.

The Lady Cristilinda, Broadhurst.—Fay Bainter in a story of the circus and sentiment.

Merton of the Movies, Cort.—Glenn Hunter making *Merton Gill* one of the world's most appealing figures.

Mike Angelo, Morosco.—To be reviewed later.

The Old Soak, Plymouth.—Pleasant discourse on Prohibition by Don Marquis' famous character.

Polly Preferred, Little.—To be reviewed later.

Rose Briar, Empire.—Reviewed in this issue.

Secrets, Fulton.—Margaret Lawrence excellent in refined sentiment. Bad shooting.

So This Is London, Hudson.—Anglo-American relations portrayed with the loud stop pulled out.

Why Not? Forty-Eighth St.—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Better Times, Hippodrome.—No one can say that he doesn't get his money's worth here.

Blossom Time, Century.—Franz Schubert's melodies adapted to make a charming score.

The Bunch and Judy, Globe.—The Doolleys, Astaires and Six Brown Brothers.

Chauve-Souris, Century Roof.—The fourth and last bill of Russia's most successful embassy to America.

The Clinging Vine, Knickerbocker.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Gingham Girl, Earl Carroll.—All right.

Glory, Vanderbilt.—Reviewed in this issue.

Greenwich Village Follies, Shubert.—Savoy and Brennan and Jack Hazzard furnishing comedy for a beautiful spectacle.

The Lady in Ermine, Ambassador.—Elaborate and easily forgotten.

Little Nellie Kelly, Liberty.—Has speed at least.

Liza, Daly's.—Negro show of incredible vivacity.

Music Box Revue, Music Box.—Not so good as last year's but still something to see.

Our Nell, Nora Bayes.—Burlesque rustic drama which doesn't quite click.

Sally, Irene and Mary, Casino.—One of the season's steady successes.

Up She Goes, Playhouse.—A highly satisfying show without any pretensions.

Ziegfeld Follies, New Amsterdam.—The Follies. What does it matter?



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 57. Messrs. Sherwin & Williams are called upon to award the Prix de Salon.

Tempora Mutantur

(Then)

PERSONALS FROM THE
MONTANA MUDHOLE

Ye scribe understands there was a swell hanging out Deadwood Gulch way last Thursday, the guests of honor being some rustlers from Texas. A fine time was had by all.

Two-gun Tompkins regrets to announce there's no truth in the report he killed his 48th man yesterday. At any rate, the man hadn't died when Two-gun told us.

The fair and warmer sex is looking forward to the combined Grand Dance and Faro Tournament to be held tonight in the "Come All Ye Cafe." Come one come all, and bring your own girl. Any gent trying to bring somebody else's girl will be treated accordingly.

Sheriff Henderson is able to be around again for a few minutes each day, following the surprise party given by the James Bros. last mo. Congrats, Sheriff, here's our ~~to~~ and hoping you see them 1st next time say we.

Hell-for-leather Hawkins' little girl Nell was lost for 2 hrs. in the canyon last week. Of course there's bears in the canyon, but even the bears love little Nell.

Young Jimmy Stewart left our midst Tuesday on a prospecting trip to California. Don't forget to come back, Jim.

The Santa Fe mailcoach was held up Monday. The criminals were not caught though the posse is still looking for them.

(Now)

SOCIETY SIDELIGHTS FROM
THE MONTANA MONITOR

It is reported that a large gathering attended the auction sale of lots last Thursday at the new Deadwood Park Villa Estates. Many Texans were among the purchasers.

Rev. Tobias Tompkins regrets that he could not meet his sewing class yesterday, owing to a sprained forefinger, which made it impossible to hold a needle.

All the season's debutantes are numbered among the subscribers to the Assembly Ball, to be given in the large ballroom of the Women's Club this evening. Many dinner parties will precede the affair, which promises to be a brilliant one.

Chief of Police Henderson has partly recovered from the effects of wood alcohol poisoning, contracted in obtaining evidence against a gang of bootleggers believed to be operating in this vicinity. The police have a clew.

Miss Eleanor Hawkins, pretty and eighteen, oldest daughter of Judge H. L. Hawkins, was hostess to a merry house-party at Canyon Falls last week-end. Miss Eleanor is universally popular.

Jack Stuart, the handsome idol of the screen, paid us a visit recently en route to his New York studios. He tells us that some of his relatives once lived here.

The crew of the Overland Limited deserted their posts on Monday, because of the railroad strike. A. C. M. A.



"Yes! Yes! This is Mr. Jones. I am going to luncheon and I will not talk to anyone until I have finished."

"Oh! Pardon me for interrupting you! I merely wished to inform you that your house is afire!"

Engine Troubles
in an Aeroplane

AS soon as my dear little pink aeroplane was delivered, I just jumped in and soared away. I knew how to run it, so I didn't bother to read the instruction book.

I flitted through the azure for a while, but it was a bit of a bore not seeing any one I knew. When one has something new and rather smart one really does like to be seen. And my costume of ashes of roses chiffon matched the aeroplane in a way that was just too perfect.

There was nothing to run into. I tried butting into a cloud, but it was a little damp, so I stayed away from them after that, though I had always pictured myself as looking down out of a fleecy cloud, and had my gown designed with this in mind. In my racing automobile there were always the dozens of cats and dogs and chickens and babies to run over when things got too dull. But in the skies there was absolutely no excitement.

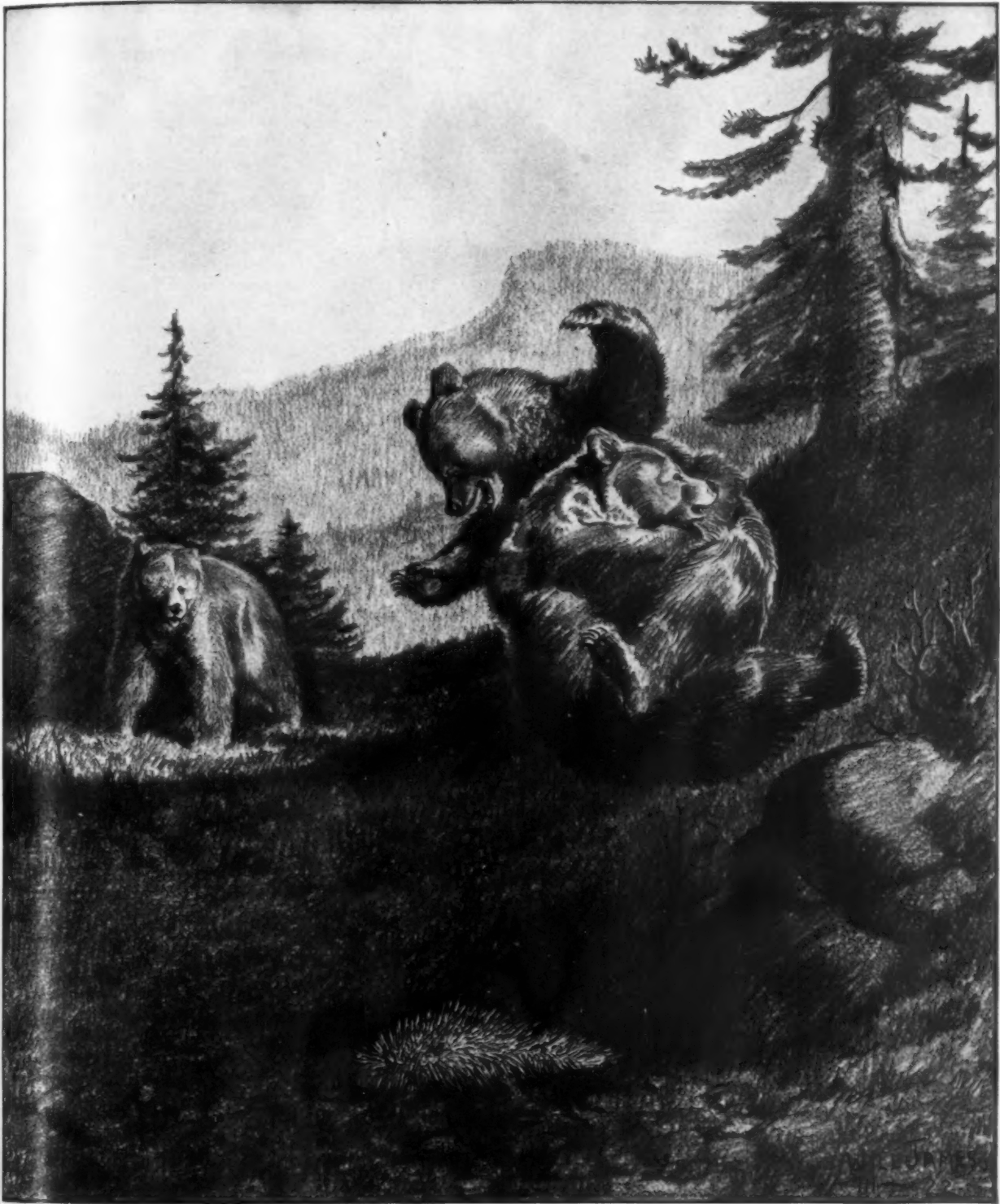
I had just come to the conclusion that I would swoop down near the earth and show them all how snappy I looked in the thing, when the engine stopped, and there I was, my dear, anchored, miles above the clouds.

It was too annoying. I didn't know what to do. I'm an expert mechanic, and I can always get right out and get under my automobile, and fix her in a minute with a couple of safety pins, but there was too much space between me and the ground to try getting under my air-eater.

Then there was another thing that worried me. When you're up in the air you never can tell whether you're upside down or not. You're strapped in, and the pressure of the air is so great, and you can't see anything around you, so that there is no way of telling whether or not you are standing on your head until you get out. Then you naturally go toward the earth and if you go feet first then you know that you are right side up.

Now, if I had only been sure that I was wrong side up, I could have crawled out and crawled up to the bottom of the machine and worried the machinery with a hairpin until

(Continued on page 32)



The End of a Perfect Day

*So you are going out
for a good time tonight?*

*Yep, not going to
inhibit a bit tonight*



Keeping Up with the Law

AFTER all, no outside law or influence can do half as much as our own inhibitions to keep us moral, dignified, soft-voiced, and uninteresting. Outside control can never be half as bad as self-control.

The law can't make anybody inhibit. No more than it can make him testify against himself.

So I have a neat little plan. Every time Congress passes another constitutional amendment, I am going to get even by abolishing a few of my inhibitions. Thank goodness, I have plenty of them. If I use them up carefully I can, I figure, have a lot of fun and freedom the rest of my life.

I think this is the best way to get around the increasing tendency of other people to run my life for me.

As long as we submit ourselves to self-imposed inhibitions, isn't it unfair to criticize others for inflicting restrictions upon us? Who can blame them? Why should I worry about the "new narrowness" of the world when I have so many narrownesses of my own? Why should I criticize Prohibition, for example, when I am guilty of inhibition?

My system really saves a lot of good liquor (even when it is available). You simply start out and become the life of the party without waiting for artificial aid. Saves time, too. You simply don't care what you do or say, and there you are—as good as stewed. Just ignore your inhibitions.

I expect to throw off my inhibitions at the rate of about half a dozen a day, if the present ten-

dency of the world towards moral and mental strictness persists.

I have been driven to it. There is too much control in this world. Well, I can at least cut down on my self-control. D. H.

MAN FROM IOWA (*questioning a New York policeman*): I'm tryin' to find a place to park my car. Where the heck is this here Park Avenue anyhow?

"PROVIDENCE tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—

"Brhh!" shivered the lamb, "that's a sheep-shearer's theory!"

At Evening

HOW calm the sea. The silver, shimmered path
Of moonlight dances lightly to that line
Where once the night's horizon tossed in wrath.
The horror of the wind's shrill, anguished whine
Has gone. A lullaby as soft as sleep
Is singing through the tree-tops on the land.
The peace of old has settled on the deep
And evening's solitude upon the strand

Oh, gently, mighty waters, kiss the shore,

Fair bride, eternal wedded to the wave.

Treat kindly those forever beating o'er

Your untracked ways; oh, smile on them and save

That gallant ship for whom I stand and watch,

Full-freighted to the Plimsoll mark with Scotch. J. K. M.

Now look here, old top, how can the lion and the Islam lie down together?



Texas Pete: Looks to me like your friend has lost his stirrup.
Tenderfoot: No, there it is hanging from the saddle.



Motorist (frantically flagged on a lonely road): What's the matter? Is the bridge out? Native: It's my missus, mister. She's goin' to prayer meetin' an' she's got some grease on her coat. She wants to know would you let her have a half-a-pint o' gasoline.

Lessons in New Yorkese "A Pleasant Time Was Had by All"

"H LO Pete, howarya? Betternya look?"

"Say, Yed, Ibeen lookin fayou. At mewsick atta dans lastnite was somepin tearabul."

"Wawasa matta witha mewsick? Itwasa same mewsick wehad lastime."

"Ifit wasa same mewsick yahad lastime youwaint hadno mewsick atall ever fyout get whatta mean."

"You tryinta slamma mewsick?"

"Hones Ed fiwasonna Houskam-itty lbe ashamdameself."

"Wawasa matta withit?"

"Awit didin havanufpep."

"Whaja expect—Susie's band?"

"Nowididin expect Susie's band. Buttiddid hopetahave haffachanst tashake medawgs. Anna drumma had-da berl onnis sneck."

"Wellitwas his sneck. Wattavit?"

"Wella berl onna drummas sneck donlook toogood atta dans Sed."

"Yeh? Gotanny morekicks?"

"Yeh Igottalotta kicks. At guy witta sassaphone didingive twenny tootsouta it allnite. Anna guy with-a-fiddle spenallahistime tawkinta sum-buddy inbackuvvim."

"Maybe youwas tawkin somuch in-frontuvvim he couddentalk nowheres ellus."

"Yeh? Wheres ellus wouldeetalk? Hewas paidfa playin naffa tawkin."

"Yeh? Youwaint tolme wawwas wrong witha pyano yet."

"Hewas awrite. He mustagotintata wrong dans."

"Isatso? Well atswatta geffa try-inta runoffa dans foralotta bums."

"Isatso? Isupposat treefifty apeece yagotoffenus was a lotta bums too?"

"Well youwaint seein me buyino Rollsrerce withit an danchafagettit."

"Yamighta jusaswell as givvit

to them bums. They was tearabul."

"Imsawry yadidin enjertthem Pete. Iguessmaybe yahadawta givvenem ashotasumpin takindajazzemup."

"Tyaint waistin nunnamegood lika onnennyathem dodos. Whyntja givvem summayerown?"

"Igussa shouldawta. Well stoolate now, Pcte. Wewont havvem agen."

"Sawrite Ed stoolate now. No hardfeelins."

"Nohardfeelins Pete. Imsawry. Solong."

"Solong Ed. Say Yed. . ."

"Whattizzit, Pete?"

"Ifagetta tellya Ed thalobsta-salad. . ."

"Ooh yeh, the lobstasalat. Tha-was good, wasinit?"

"It was tearabul." H. W. H.

The Silent Drama

"Dr. Jack"

HAROLD LLOYD is undoubtedly the most consistent performer in the movies. Although he has never touched the heights achieved by Charlie Chaplin, and never will, he is so infinitely more reliable than the temperamental Charlot that he is actually the commanding figure in the world of comic films.

Chaplin is not out—not by a considerably long shot. He will eventually produce another "Shoulder Arms" or another "Kid," but for the time being his throne, his scepter and his popularity have been usurped by that tireless young man in horn-rimmed spectacles whose energy and ingenuity are on tap twelve months in the year.

Lloyd's latest picture, "Dr. Jack," is not quite so funny as "A Sailor Made Man" or "Grandma's Boy," but that qualification is not serious. It is funny enough.

"The Headless Horseman"

THIS department is continually complaining in a querulous tone because so many movies are cut from the same pattern. "Give us something different" is a cry which echoes frequently on this page.

Well, something different has been given us, and your correspondent is compelled to hang his head in shame and confess that his craving for adequate entertainment is still unsatisfied. "The Headless Horseman" is strikingly unusual—a whimsical photoplay based on the vague Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and produced with all possible reverence and good taste. It is beautifully photographed, and competently performed by Will Rogers.

In spite of all this, it isn't right.

Washington Irving's story provided charming reading, but it isn't much to look at—particularly when it is expanded into five reels.

This is poor encouragement to persons who have made an intelligent effort to achieve originality on the screen. But it is the best that this lamentably fallible critic can give.

Wild Horses

ANOTHER point which I have stressed over and over again, until even I have become bored with the repetition, is the complaint against so-called "society" subjects in the movies. Whenever the camera ventures into the realms of the élite, it seems to relax its powers of realism and records all manner of strange sights which never existed in this world or the next.

Film producers have reconstructed ancient Babylon, they have rebuilt the Pyramids, they have re-created Sherwood Forest in a lot adjoining La Brea oil fields in California. But they have been singularly unable to reproduce a Fifth Avenue drawing room.

I have criticized this in many bitter reviews, and have yearned vocally for a director who knows that young gentlemen do not wear gloves at afternoon tea. And now I am confronted with two pictures which are both about the Long Island horsy set, and I am forced to confess that the one which is absolutely correct in all points of social decorum is a decidedly low-grade movie; whereas the other, which is ludicrously wrong as a picture of life in the leisure classes, is excellent entertainment.

The former, "High Speed Lee," was photographed on the spot on Long Island, and I have it on good

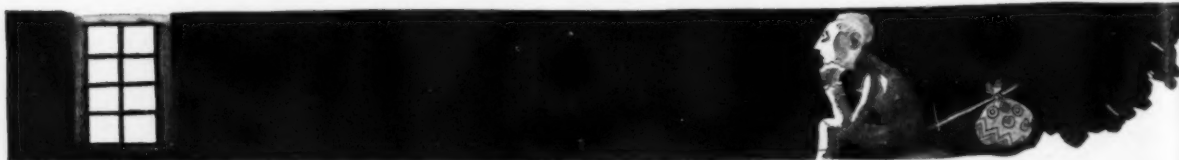
authority that every extra in the big scenes was recruited from the New York Social Register. The atmosphere and the backgrounds are perfect. But the producers of the picture have overlooked such prosaic trifles as continuity, plot construction and the popular taste—and they have entrusted the composition of sub-titles to someone who doesn't understand the English language. From a dramatic point of view, the only redeeming feature of "High Speed Lee" is the principal player, one Reed Howes—who looks a lot like a comer.

The other photoplay in question is "The Hottentot." It was made in California by persons who know nothing about Long Island society, but a great deal about the movies. They realize that their mission on earth is to entertain, and that the public is the final court of appeal which must judge their efforts. Their picture will be laughed at by the members of the Meadowbrook Club, but it will be laughed with by the rest of the audience. And that is what counts.

"The Hottentot" has two splendid pantomimists in Douglas MacLean and Raymond Hatton, who are more important than all the backgrounds on Long Island. It is marred by an excessive number of sub-titles, which are culled from Willie Collier's comedy on which the photoplay is based, but it is enlivened by a swift-moving steeplechase at the finish.

This seems to be National Sackcloth and Ashes Week for me. I have been forced to back down on two of my pet arguments. But I am not cowed yet. I can still talk about "Tol'able David" and "Robin Hood."

R. E. S.





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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*



Literary Opinions

HOSTESS: Such a charming book! The characters so exquisitely drawn; the psychology of the heroine simply delicious, and there's a philosophy running thro' it, a wonderful revelation of the human soul.

FRIEND: When did you read it?

HOSTESS: Oh, I haven't read it yet, but I've read every review of it.

—*London Opinion.*

Graceful Surrender

The bootlegger, finding himself completely hemmed in and surrounded by revenue officers, stammered, "Well—er—well—I'm glad to see I'm among friends—even if they're not mine."

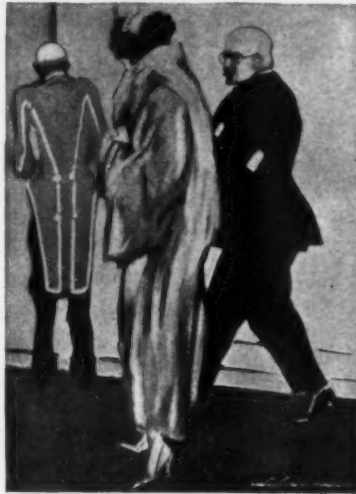
—*Nashville Tennessean.*

TO-DAY we have a new god. It is called the Subconscious Mind and is worshiped without being understood.

—*New York Tribune.*

"LOVE is really a serious affair, Dear."
"Don't be foolish, Tom."

—*Pitt Panther.*



"In the old days, when we came on foot, we were always on time for the curtain; now that we have the new Mercedes we invariably arrive half an hour too late."

—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin).*

By Wire

As regards telegrams I think they are the most difficult things in the world to write elegantly and in good taste. I know one man who, when he is in the country, writes beautiful telegrams to his aunts in town on the least provocation; as:

WHAT PLEASING PROSPECT NATURE EVENING EYE DELIGHTED WITH DISTANT GROVES FIELDS MEADOWS COWS SHEEP SOUL SOOTHED AWED CONTEMPLATION OF INFINITE WILL YOU SEND ON ANOTHER TWENTY POUNDS TEMPORARILY SHORT HENRY. And he generally gets it, too.

—"Beachcomber" in *London Express.*

The Dismissal

HER FATHER (to the hopeful suitor): No, young man, you can't have my daughter. I don't want a son-in-law who's such a fool that he contemplates marrying a young woman who hasn't got more sense than to inspire you with hopes of getting her. Get out!

—*Karikaturen (Christiania).*

Exonerated

DINER: I have eaten much better steaks than this one.

WAITER (through force of habit): Not here, sir; not here.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

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Automobile salesmanship and public understanding are everywhere according more and more attention to motor car bodies. This is a direct result of the advantages enjoyed by those manufacturers whose product bears the Fisher emblem.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Klalesman

A New York traveling salesman arrived late at night in a small Southern town where a group of silent men were waiting the arrival of a secret agent of the Ku Klux Klan.

When the drummer stepped from the train a man detached himself from the group, went up to the drummer and said: "Ku Klux?"

"No," was the reply. "Klux and suits."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

How much money does the average woman want? asks a lady writer. The answer is "more."

—*Glasgow Bulletin*



Is your heart hungry for open skies?

Long days of invigorating sunshine boundless stretches of verdant desert and mountains, and sparkling, dry air add zest to *just living* in Tucson, Arizona.

In Tucson grotesque cactus and blue-green, copper-stained mountains are within a stone's throw of roses and modern bungalows. Deer, quail and wild ducks are bagged but a few hours from smart shops and theaters.

Away from jangle and confusion you may still enjoy city conveniences. Open skies, wide horizons, unsurpassed climate will bring new peace of mind and vigor of body. Rents are reasonable; hotels excellent. A modest income suffices.

Before you decide where to go this winter read "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate." It tells the story of the revitalizing climate vouched for by thousands who first came for health or pleasure and now remain from choice. Just send the coupon.

TUCSON Sunshine-Climate Club ARIZONA

TUCSON SUNSHINE-CLIMATE CLUB,
164 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona.

Please send by return mail your free booklet, "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate."

Name _____

Address _____



EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

Revived

Bret Harte was once lecturing at Harrisburg, in Virginia, and on the morning of his arrival had such a terrible headache that he would cheerfully have died there and then. He went for a walk, accompanied by the person who was to take the chair at his lecture. The latter told him that Harrisburg was a very healthy place, the death-rate averaging only one per diem. "Good heavens!" said Bret Harte, who had been telling his companion how he felt, "has to-day's man died yet?" —*Detroit News*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Awful Possibility!

"I see the weather is extremely cold in the coal mining regions of the U. S.," said Bjones.

"My word!" said Bsmith. "Would it not be awful if we had to collect a lot of old clothes and send them over to keep the poor coal miners warm!"

—*Toronto Telegram*.

Well, Why?

The clock struck eight, nine and then nine-thirty. Still the new maid did not get up. Reluctantly the mistress went to the foot of the stairs.

"Mary," she called, "are you awake?"

"Yes," answered the maid, "why?"

—*American Legion Weekly*.

A Bit Mixed

MRS. YOUNG BRIDE: I'd like to get some chestnut coal, please. Do you guarantee it to be free from worms?

—*Boston Transcript*.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



6 BELL'S
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Rhymed Reviews Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

AS Neale, of old Green Mountain stock,
Was reared in Union Hill, New Jersey,

Above the harbor whither flock
The keels of Plymouth, Clyde and Mersey,

While fair Marise was bred in France
(In Culture, too, and strict decorum),

Who'd ever dream they'd find the chance
To stroll together 'round the Forum?

Neale's parents both, a worthy pair,
Allowed him every simple pleasure;

They gave him unobtrusive care
With freedom, Boyhood's greatest treasure.

Unchecked by arbitrary rules,
He gathered sundry bits of knowledge

In baseball lots and private schools,
And took the football course in college.

Marise, where false ideas are rife,
Acquired notions prejudicial
To happiness in married life
With manners, fine but artificial.

When Neale, as fated, met Marise
While spending several months in Europe

(He'd crossed the palpitating seas
A slightly damaged heart to cure up)—



TRADE MARK REG
U. S. PAT. OFF.

Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK



Whatever else may fail

Linking city, village and farm, crossing mountain and wilderness, the telephone system challenges Nature in her strongholds and battles her fiercest moods.

Out on his lonely "beat" the telephone trouble-hunter braves the blizzard on snow-shoes, body bent against the wind, but eyes intent upon the wires.

North, south, east, west—in winter and summer, in forest and desert—the telephone workers guard the highways of communication. Traveling afoot where there are no roads, crawling sometimes on hands and knees, riding on burros, or motor-

cycles, or trucks, they "get there" as they can.

When Nature rages to that point where few things can stand against her, when property is destroyed and towns cut off, the telephone is needed more than ever. No cost is too much, no sacrifice too great, to keep the wires open. If telephone poles come down with the storm, no matter how distant they may be, no matter how difficult to reach, somehow a way is found, somehow—in blizzard, hurricane, or flood—the service is restored.

Whatever else may fail, the telephone service must not fail, if human effort can prevent it. This is the spirit of the Bell System.



"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

He shocked her, first,—the artless youth,—

By speaking neither well nor cutely

The straight, uncompromising truth,
Which later won her absolutely.

So thus we leave them hand-in-hand

To prove how far the preparation
For life in vogue in this free land
Excels old-world sophistication.

A. G.

Sail and Motor BOATS

Sturdy Craft at Moderate Prices

Inquire About
Our Boardman-Hoyt Design
Five-meter Racing Knockabout
and

Our Coupe Automobile Boat
with Electric Self-starter

Cape Cod Shipbuilding Corp.
Wareham, Massachusetts



The NEW WILLARD

WASHINGTON D. C.

A Capital Hotel in the Capital City

THE New Willard is a step from the White House and as symbolic of Washington as the *Executive Mansion* itself.

Great men of six continents live there and dine in its restaurants.

It is a thoroughly enjoyable hotel—unpretentious, democratic, yet refined and efficiently managed.

Pennsylvania Ave. and F St., Washington, D. C.

L. M. Boomer, President
Frank S. Right, Managing Director

The Waldorf-Astoria in New York and The Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia—same management.

THE ONLY NATURAL BEAUTIFIER

Sleep on a Genuine Adirondack
BALSAM PINE PILLOW
Soothing—Refreshing—Invigorating
ASK YOUR DOCTOR
"Nature's Richest Aroma." Lasts for years
Size (16" x 11") \$1.35 Postpaid
Pine Pillow Co., Dept. E Inwood Sta., N. Y.

Jonesville Nights

"WHEN I started selling goods to the Jonesville merchants years ago they called it a gay winter if they had a concert by the Swiss bell ringers; now they demand a play every night with an original cast, and if a manager runs in a second company they take it up with the Chamber of Commerce.

"They used to take their wives home from 'East Lynne' at ten o'clock and brag the next day about being out late; now they go from the New Palace Theater to the College Inn and from the College Inn to the Olympian Room of the Hotel New Trianon—that's the old Smith House—and if they beat their sons or daughters home they worry for fear they are getting old.

"Eating at home has come to be an occasion. These old boys used to brag about their wives' coffee; to-day they will drink writing fluid if it is poured by a South European brigand with a soiled napkin over his arm. The old-fashioned fellow who kept an alpaca coat hanging on a nail in his office now has a dress suit parked behind the red gum door of his sanctum.

"Jonesville nights have become so fevered that my customers look forward to their trips to New York or Chicago so they can get some sleep."
McC. H.

POLICE CHIEF: So you got the guilty man, eh?

NEW MEMBER OF FORCE (*apologetically*): N-no sir. But I got the guiltiest-looking man I could find.



The Gongs of San Francisco's Chinatown

People come thousands of miles to hear them, and to see the varied colorful life of the largest and most fascinating Chinese Colony in America.

It goes without saying that you'll see Chinatown when you come to San Francisco. And, equally as a matter of course, you'll want to stop at THE PALACE, where the hospitality of the West finds its most finished expression.

In San Francisco It's The Palace

THE PALACE HOTEL

Management Halsey E. Manwaring, Market at New Montgomery St. San Francisco.

The
Telling Touch
to a Perfect Party—

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

Always Appreciated by
the Discerning and
Discriminating Guest.

Apollinaris Agency Co., New York
Sole American Agents of
The Apollinaris Co., Ltd., London

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MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

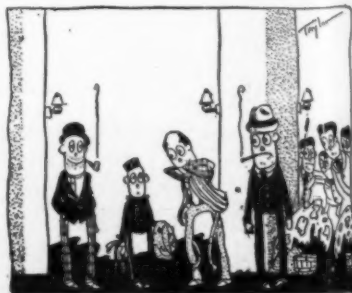
Tea in the Palm Room
Dancing
in the Supper Room

JOHN McE. BOWMAN,
President

HAMILTON HOTEL BERMUDA

Open January 8.—3 Golf Courses
Fireproof—400 Rooms—250 baths:
The Hotel de Luxe of Bermuda
Management of J. A. Sherrard
N. Y. Office, Spur Travel Bureau, 425 5th Avenue
Cables—"Hotel Bermuda" Booklet
Summer Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff, N.Y.

THE bearer of a smile finds it negotiable and worth its face value.



To the great embarrassment of his son, Mr. Cassius M. Jones takes the shirt off his back for an old friend.
—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

NERVE EXHAUSTION

*How We Become
Shell-Shocked in
Every-Day Life*

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

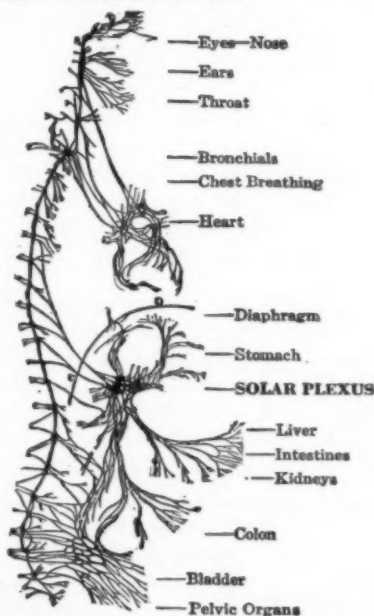
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion; constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of today, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food, and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Forces

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from everyday Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book, "Nerve Force," solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have.

Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all of the other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent Free upon receipt of 25c with the book Nerve Force. You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books. Address:

PAUL von BOECKMANN

Studio 268, 110 West 40th St., New York

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

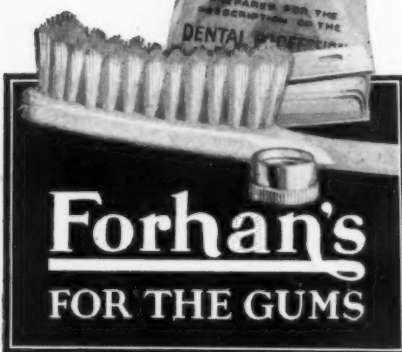
Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Vain Lady

POET, you write me fair who am fair to-day,

And make me immortally fair to suit your whim;

For your word, when the breath dies out, by a secret way

Makes sport of Death, forever eluding him.

Have pity, and write me wise, who am never wise!

I would wear magnificence like a glittering dress.

So clothed in the folds of your sweet unperishing lies,

No later one shall discover my littleness.

B. L. K.

Procrustean

HENRY FORD does not hesitate to employ blind men. "There are more good jobs for blind men," he says, "than there are blind men." Which means, we suppose, that more men will have to be blinded.

Engine Troubles in an Aeroplane

(Continued from page 20)

it started to chug-chug again. But it was really too far up to monkey with any suppositions, so I had to abandon this idea.

I had brought along my pink parasol because it matched so well, and I was afraid getting so near the sun might strain my eyes, if I didn't have a shade, and besides it throws such a becoming light on my complexion.

When I began to get hungry it occurred to me that I might use my parasol as a parachute and descend to earth. This was really a last resort, because I had no idea what town I might be over, and I did hate to think of landing in some place like Oconto, Wisconsin, and taking days to get home on the train, from there. I unstrapped myself and left the machine, climbing towards the top, hoping that I might be going up, in which case I could fix the machinery nicely. But alas, we were right side up, and I began to go toward the earth precipitously, drawn by gravity and held back only by the force of my pink silk parasol.

I should judge that I had gone a couple of miles on my downward course when I passed the best-looking young aviator I had ever seen. I was glad that the parasol shed such a becoming light on my complexion. I sent him pleading glances as I plunged past.

He was a whiz at the wheel of

Free—To Try
Send for Trial Bottle

Don't Be Gray

When I can stop it

To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making you seem old, is so unnecessary when Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will bring back the original color surely and safely. Very easily applied—you simply comb it through the hair. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky or stringy, nothing to wash or rub off—just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No danger of streaking or discoloration. Restored color is even and natural in all lights. Faded or discolored hair restored just as successfully and naturally as gray hair.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address
Mary T. Goldman,
434 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

THE CAREY PRINTING CO., INC.
NEW YORK BETHLEHEM

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds
Toothache
Earache
Neuralgia

Headache
Lumbago
Rheumatism
Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trademark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

that machine of his. He sent the old air buggy tearing down through space after me, succeeded in getting under me, and held out his hand as I came past again. I caught his hand and he pulled me into the machine.

When I told him what the trouble was he said, "You don't have to get under an aeroplane to fix it." Men are so smart.

I was relieved to think we were going to rescue the aeroplane because Dad would have been furious if I had shown up without it before I even got a chance to show Mildred Jones that it was better-looking than her old aeroplane.

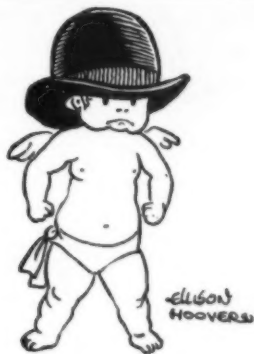
"Out of gasoline is all that is the matter with this baby," said the young man. He attached the machine to the back of his, and we flew over to Sioux City, Iowa, and stacked her up with gasoline. I flew back to New York slowly.

The young aviator, who lives in New Orleans, is going to run in to see me to-night, and Mildred was wild with jealousy when she saw me, so the adventure wasn't so bad.

W. B.

RUB: Did you ever use Cranium hair tonic?

DUB: Yes—it has an awful flavor!



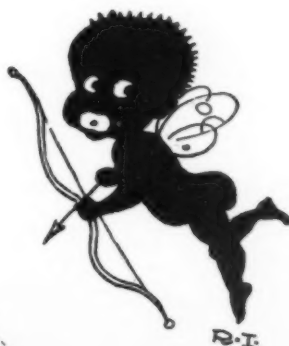
1883  1923

Forty! forty! we are forty!
 Youthful still and feeling sporty.
 Age from Mirth shall never wean us!
 Downy cupids, babes of Venus,
 Drawn by special invitation
 Grace our birthday celebration.
 See them blithely hither winging!
 Hear the little rascals singing:
 "Look below and see that coupon
 For your pen to loop the loop on!"
 Hear, oh, hear their joyful hymn pulse:
 "Don't delay! Obey that Impulse!"



Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20; Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for ten weeks to



LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
 One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)



"A Skin You Love to Touch"
by Grant Reynard

You too, can have the charm of
"A Skin you love to touch"



HE beautiful fresh clear skin you long for—with the right care you can possess it!

Any girl can have a smooth, flawless complexion.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will!

In the booklet around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each type of skin and its needs.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for your skin. See how much you can improve your complexion by just a week or ten days of this special care.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

*A complete miniature set of the
Woodbury skin preparations*

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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